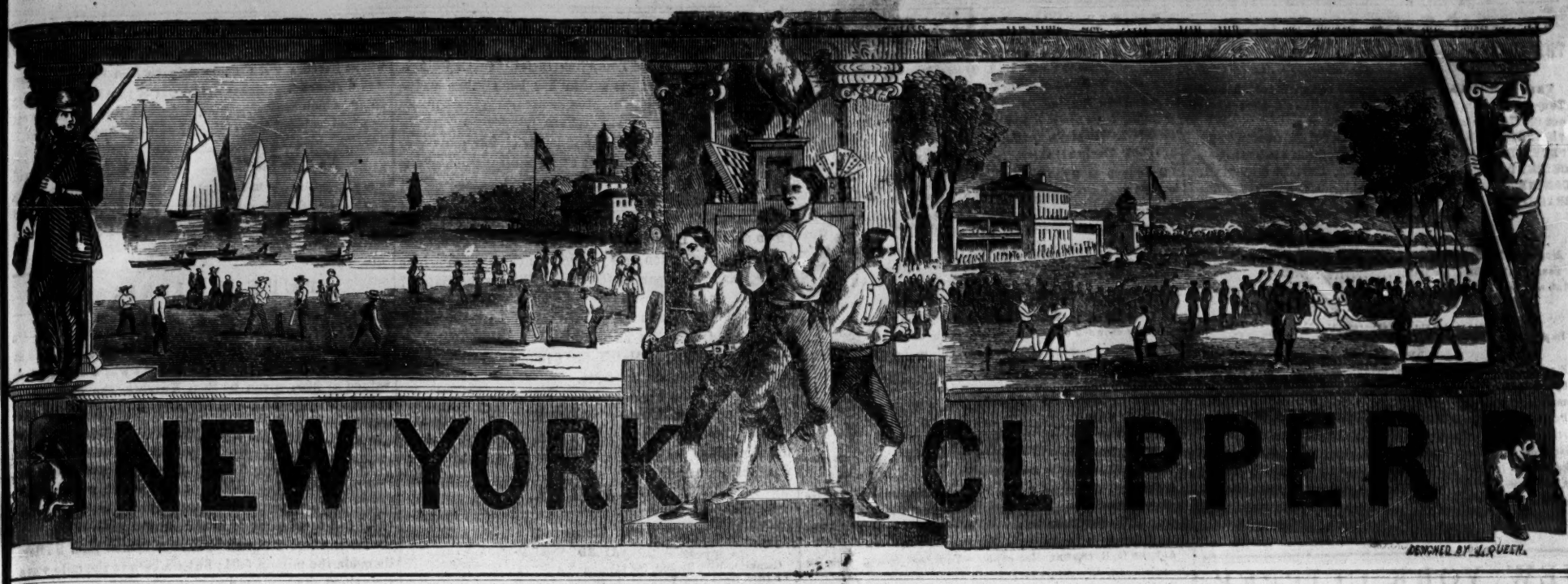


Vol. IV.—No. 3. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856. Four Cents.

A FEARFUL FEAT.

Daring Deed of Horsemanship.

The following sketch of a Mexican feat of horsemanship is terrifically fearful even in its perusal yet, what must have been the feelings of those who witnessed the reality. It seems hardly creditable that such a feat could be accomplished, although equestrianism in Mexico exhibits some miraculous performances and hair-breadth escapes. But to the sketch:

If you feel disposed to risk a doubloon—I am but a poor hunter and cannot place more— all attempt what a muchacito of ten years would consider a feat, perhaps. "And what may that be, Senor Cibolero?" asked the officer, sneeringly. "I will check my horse at full gallop on the brow of yonder cliff!" "Within two lengths from the brow?" "Within two lengths—less—the same distance that is traced here, on the banks of the Zequail" The surprise created by this announcement held the bystanders for some moments in silence. It was a proposal of such wild and reckless daring that it was difficult to believe that the maker of it was in earnest. Even the two officers were for a moment staggered by it, and inclined to fancy the cibolero was not serious, but mocking them.

The cliff to which Carlos had pointed was part of the bluff that hemmed in the valley. It was a sort of promontory, however, that jutted out from the general line, so as to be a conspicuous object from the plain below. Its brow was of equal height with the rest of the precipice, of which it was a part—a sort of buttress—and the grassy turf that appeared along its edge was but the continuation of the upper plateau. Its front to the valley was vertical, without terrace or ledge, although horizontal seams traversing its face showed a stratification of lime and sandstone alternating with each other. From the sward upon the valley to the brow above the heights was 1,000 feet short. To gaze up to it was a trial to delicate nerves, to look down put the stoutest to the proof. * * * All stood watching him with anxious eyes. Every movement was noted. He first alighted from the saddle, stripped off his manga, had it carried back and placed out of the way. He next looked to his spurs, to see that the straps were properly buckled.

After this he re-tied his sash, and placed the sombrero firmly on his head. He buttoned his velveteen calzoneros down nearly to his ankles, so that their leather buttons might not flap open and discommode him. His hunting knife, along with his whip, he gave to the charge of Don Juan. His attention was next turned to the horse that stood all this time with his neck curved proudly as though he divined that he was to be called upon for some signal service. The bridle was first scrutinized. The great bit—a Mameluke—was carefully examined, lest there might be some flaw or crack in the steel. The head strap was buckled to its proper tightness, and then the reins were minutely scanned. These was the hairs of a wild horse's tail, closely and neatly platted. The saddle had now its turn. Passing from side to side, Carlos tied both stirrup-leathers and examined the great wooden blocks which formed the stirrups. The girth was the last as well as the most important object of his solicitude. He loosened the buckles on both sides, and then tightened them, using his knees to effect his purpose. When drawn to his liking, the tip of his finger could not have been passed under the strong leather band.

No wonder he observed all this caution. The snapping of a strap, or the slipping of a buckle, might have hurried him into eternity. Having satisfied himself that all was right, he gathered up the reins and leaped lively into the saddle. He first directed his horse on a walk along the cliff, and within a few feet of its edge. This was to strengthen both himself and the animal. Presently the walk became a trot, and then a gentle canter. Even this was an exhibition fearful to behold. To those regarding it from below, it was a beautiful but terrible spectacle. After a while he headed back toward the plain, and then stretching into a fair gallop—the gait in which he intended to approach the cliff—he suddenly reined up again, so as to throw his horse nearly on his flanks.

Again he resumed the same gallop, and again reined up; and this maneuver he repeated at least a dozen times, now with his horse's head turned toward the cliffs, and now in the direction of the plain. At last he was seen to turn his horse toward the cliff, and take his firmest seat in the saddle. The determined glance of his eye showed that the moment had come for the final trial. A slight touch of the spur set the noble brute in motion, and in another second he was in full gallop, and heading directly for the cliff! The suspense was of short duration. Twenty strides brought horse and horseman close to the verge, within half a dozen lengths. The rein still hung loose—Carlos dared not tighten it—a touch he knew would bring his horse to a half, and that before he had crossed the line would only be a failure. Another leap—another—yet another! Ho! he is inside. Great god! he will be over! Just as the horse appered about to spring over the horrid brink, the reins were observed suddenly to tighten, the fore-hoofs became fixed and spread, and the hips of the noble animal rested upon the plain. He was poised at scarce three feet from the edge of the cliff. While in this attitude, the horseman raised his right hand, lifted his sombrero, and after waving it round, returned it to his head. A splendid picture from below. The dark forms of both horse and rider were perceived as they drew up on the cliff, and the imposing and graceful attitude was fully developed against the blue back ground of the sky. The arms, the limbs, the oval outlines of the steed, even the very trappings could be seen distinctly; and for the short period in which they were poised and motionless, the spectator might have fancied an equestrian statue of bronze, its pedestal the pinnacle of the cliff!

EDWIN FORREST, AS HAMLET.

Mr. Edwin Forrest was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 9th day of March, 1806. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Walnut Street Theatre, in that city, as Young Norval, in Douglas, on the 27th of November, 1825, we believe. First acted in New York, at the Park Theatre, Othello, for the benefit of Mr. Woodhull, July, 1826; afterwards travelled through the United States as a "Star." Visited England in 1836, and again in 1845. Has just concluded a most successful engagement in his native city.

Absence of Mind.—A friend of ours rolling at ninepins the other day, gave the ball a quid of tobacco and threw himself at the pins. He did not find out his mistaoe till his brains were knocked out against them.

A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of plates, securely rivetted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described: She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the taffrail. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength is imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 23 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamers, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the center, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1,800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beams 83 feet, depth from deck to keel 58 feet; aggregate length of saloon 400 feet. Her commander will be Capt. Harrison, with a crew of all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, &c., from 850 to 900 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say 13,000 persons. Nearly 1,000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, &c. The mere expense of lauching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck, will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and rivetted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angled iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length of the vessel, and they are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and they are again closed up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. Thus the outer and inner ships are joined together by means of a great number of watertight webs or cells of extraordinary strength, giving the vessel a rigidity such as has never been communicated to a ship before. The main deck is treated in the same manner for a width of 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel becomes, as it were, a beam of strength, and the whole fabric may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skin will hold 3,000 tons of water ballast, should it be required. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each 5 feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side, 2 feet 6 inches square, for ventilation, and an abundance of death lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

The more that animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples. There are several instances on record of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the Bounty, sailed nearly four thousand miles in an open boat, with occasionally a single small bird, not many ounces in weight, for the daily sustenance of seventeen people; and it is even alleged, that fourteen men and women of the Juno, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived twenty-three days without any food. Two people first died of want on the fifth day. In the opinion of Rhedi, animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat lived ten days without food, an antelope twenty, and a very large wild cat also twenty; an eagle survived twenty-eight days, a badger one month, and several dogs thirty-six days. In the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account of a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country-house, existed for forty days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of the mattress which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten. Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another large spider, equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after fourteen months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months; and Baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for three years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr. Shaw gives an account of two serpents which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.

ANOTHER SPUR FROM WHITE HACKLE.

MR. EDITOR: Those last remarks of the Old Sergeant Cock are evidently the result of an overdose of Ipecac or Calomel, assisted by some powerful cathartic, for I feel quite sure no ordinary effort could have brought forth so much vile slang as he has deemed fit to bestow upon a few remarks thrown hastily together for the CLIPPER of the 26th ult. in reply partially to his of the 12th.

Before going further, however, I take back, withdraw in toto, the concluding paragraph of that communication, beginning "I am pleased to meet," &c., as it is quite evident I was entirely mistaken in the calibre as well as the character of your correspondent; that's so! An ass is known by his ears, (keep on your hat, old cock,) and by the time you get through with your cursed innendoes, bad grammar and a' that, you will find you have indeed ventured on turbulent waters, with a very, very frail bark; and when perhaps too late, also find out that *burnt brandy* won't save you, much less a bare plank; but with plank, rudder, pills and all, wake up some fine morning and find yourself running *before* the wind for Davy's Locker. Where the devil is Davy's Locker, Mr. Editor? ah, yes, in Kansas!

Old Sergeant Cock judges from my writings that somebody else and myself, owning English fowls, are chums ("suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;") and further intimates that I am interested in the sale of those English fowls; I will simply say *'tis false!* Construe that sentence literally, Old Cock. I am not now, nor ever was, interested to the amount of one cent in the sale of anybody's fowls; so much for that part of the subject.

Mr. Rusk I have no doubt would feel complimented at any tribute paid to the quality of his fowls from a respectable source, but I doubt very much whether such encomiums as the Old Sergeant Cock has deigned to bestow, would be received with any but feelings of disgust; so much for that.

The Old Sergeant Cock goes on to say that "although a great writer, I have a very bad memory;" well, now, that may all be, as I have never studied pneumonics, my memory may be bad, very bad, and my perception may not be quite clear; perhaps it will appear so, when I say, the proof offered to sustain his allegation is no proof at all; patient reader, be good enough to review the Old Cock's communication; begin for instance at "You have inserted in your last," &c., &c., and end with the third period, see what a garbled statement from beginning to end; all for the purpose, as I suppose, to prove my very bad memory. Is the proof conclusive? I would like you, Old Cock, to point out the precise spot in my communication containing the language you attribute to me, viz: "that English fowls are the best." I have said in reply to enquiries that games of English *descent* are the best roosters for fighting, &c., yet you assert I have a bad memory; your charity, in attributing my errors to the head and not to the heart, is certainly not intentional; look to it, Old Cock. I am not done with this part of the subject yet; let me advise you, Old Sergeant Cock, before attempting again to criticize any one's writings, to refresh *your* memory by a revision of grammar, (refer to your Murray!) for such blunders I have rarely met with, particularly in the columns of a respectable newspaper; your communication recalls school boy days when once a week, each urchin produced "composition" for "Old Dominie's" inspection and correction; it is to this class your scrawl properly belongs, and it is to Mr. Queen's courtesy only, that I attribute its admission into the columns of a paper circulating, as the NEW YORK CLIPPER does, in a sphere of intelligence and discernment.

Attend to what would appear to be your legitimate trade, viz: frying fish! do 'em up brown, Old Cock; but never aspire to anything above a Sucker or a Gudgeon; if you "cotch a rock, chuck him in;" bait with Scalpeens mi boy and try your hand.

I can excuse your ignorance, Old Cock, but your presumption is unpardonable. Hear:

"But 'tis some justice to ascribe to chance
The wrongs one must expect from ignorance:
None can the moulds of their creation choose,
We therefore should man's ignorance excuse;
When born too low to reach at things sublime,
'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime."

Hear, hear:

"But think not, because at your words I ne'er frown,
That I'll ever one spark of regard to you lend:
We smile at the sallies and jokes of a clown—
But we think not of making the fellow our friend."

So much for that part of the subject. Now wake up Old Cock, wake up you Old Rip Van Winkle and post yourself; refer to the CLIPPER of March 15th, you will there find the following, viz: "The Sefton fowls stand well upon leg, giving great advantage in battle, and are healthy, a *sine qua non*. It would be best to obtain from this stock fowls raised in this country; if it be not impossible to obtain such, it will then be necessary to apply to some reliable breeder, such a man for instance as Matt Rusk, of Philadelphia, who has the best breed of native game fowls I know of, and with whom a purchaser may deal with confidence.

* * * * * * *

There are without doubt, others perhaps, close at hand, having game fowls equally desirable; I merely mention Mr. Rusk's name because I know he can be relied on, &c., &c.

Get the paper Old Cock; open your eyes, Old Rip Van Winkle! You say I forgot to mention *your* Lord Seftons and your White Hackles; post yourself Old Cock, I have mentioned the Seftons and White Hackles in nearly every communication; they have been the theme of my contributions; look to it, Old Cock; arouse to the reality of your predicament; behold the abyss that yawns to engulph you and your bark; helm hard to port, Old Cock.

You have undertaken to give a learned dissertation on the why and wherefore of the Nova Scotia Cock; yes, old chick-a-biddy, you have raised a question and answered it yourself; how magnanimous. You also say the three flocks I bought cannot be all English; perhaps they can't what then? How funny! You can be assured of one thing, however, they are neither of the Bull Calf nor Counterfeit stock, but Simon Pure's real; are you convalescent, Old Cock? You further say, you did not think there was so much selfishness under the garb of so much intelligence; you think I am selfish because my fowls are not for sale; well now that is funny indeed; how many in our midst own fine horses, fine dogs, as well as fine fowls, who won't sell? Are they to be styled selfish on that account? Try again Old Weather Cock, and point to the gist of your communication

☞ FOWLS FOR SALE $5 A PAIR.

It is fair to presume from *your* long silence, that it was in consequence of having fowls of your own for sale, that you never until the present moment thought it proper to mention the names Old Hoss (Goss) and Bill Slade; secure that plank, Old Cock, haul aft your main sheets, Old Chap. When and where did I ever mention that Mr. Rusk's fowls were hennys? or that he would furnish eggs to those wanting screw-docks? Look to it, Old Cock, your language is about as intelligible as was Paddy's to the Frenchman when he asked him to "lind the loan of a grid-iron;" get Lever's works and peruse that yarn, Old Cock, and then look over his "Out-ward bound and Home-ward bound" and learn how Paddy got to Fingal; and then turn to Æsops' fable of the Frog and the Ox; apply the moral and get same friend to write a panegyrick on the

☞ TIMES AND TRIALS OF THE OLD SERGEANT COCK.

Better luck next time, old fellow, but take my advice, should you at any future period undertake to criticise the writings and motives of any one, first, study well the subject, then look over your grammar, be sure you're right, and go ahead. Them's my sentiments.

I owe an apology to your readers, Mr. Editor, for having trespassed upon their kind patience, with an article of so great a length, and doubt with them the policy of throwing a paixhan shot at a tom-tit; to all courteous criticism were my communications open; men may differ in opinion and honesty, too, upon any subject; none of us are infallible; but when a windy individual, with more conceit than brains, undertakes to step beyond the limits of common decency, and by way of criticism, impugns motives, and makes a deliberate and wholesale attack upon one's sincerity, I think it time to waive all ceremony and pitch in; this is a free fight, gentlemen; gouging not allowed, and I *rayther* guess the Old Sergeant Cock, like the man in Kentucky, who got but one lick, will exclaim—

☞ CONSIDER ME OUT!

Now, Queen of the CLIPPER, pipe all hands on deck,
A strange sail draws nigh, nought is seen but a speck;
See, see! how she flies, oh! *turbulent waters*,
Old Cock, the skipper, will yet cry for quarters.

Farewell, farewell, "Old Sergeant Cock,"
Of "plank" and "rudder" take full stock:
A call's for thee, from "Davy's locker,"
We'll chaunt thy dirge, oh, famous cocker.

Should others chance thy course to try,
They, too, may learn how fish to fry;
Yet warning give to him that lingers,
Lest frying fish might burn his fingers.

And now, "Old Cock," whate'er thy wishes?
Look out for shoals—I mean of fishes!
With frying-pan, and such like tackle,
Take heed in time, from

Yours, WHITE HACKLE.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1856.

JAMES SMITH, THE PEDESTRIAN.

THE above pedestrian (whose likeness we take from a daguerreotype by Clark, 59 Court street, Boston) was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1836, is 5 feet 11 inches high and weighs 160 lbs.

He made his first appearance, as a pedestrian, in the winter of 1854, at the Circus in the Howard Athenæum, in a two mile race with John Stetson, when he was defeated—time, 10 min. 34 sec.

His next appearance was in a four mile race at Charlestown Neck, on Thanksgiving Day, 1854, with ten entries, when he was again defeated by John Stetson—21 min.—he being second best.

In the summer of 1855 was beaten by John Stetson in a five mile race at Lawrence—time, 27 min. 40 sec.

In the winter of 1855 was beaten by George Brown in a five mile race at Lynn, Mass.—time, 28 min. 34 sec.

Beat Wm. Sheehan, the "Boston Buck," and John Hutcherson, in a one mile race at the National Theatre Circus, Boston, the same winter—time, 4 min. 57 sec.

Same winter beat the Boston Buck in a two mile race at the National Theatre Circus—time, 10 min. 38 sec.

The same winter at the same place was defeated in a five mile race by John Grindell—time, 27 min. 34 sec.

Won two half mile races at Lawrence the same winter—no time kept.

These are about all the pedestrian contests which Smith has been engaged in with the exception of the Ten Mile Handicap race at Lynn, June 17.

MY CHESS MATCH.

A Tale of the Last Century.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CONCLUDED.

This was his object, as he apparently purposed to leap over into my queen's side and make war on my left wing. I was not unprepared for this; I had determined upon my course, one which I imagined would startle even my grim adversary. No sooner had he launched his Knights over my pawns on my queen's side, than I rapidly changed my plan of operations—I immediately deserted my entrenchments, and commenced an attack pointing directly at the Sable Majesty himself. It required all the care and the ingenuity of my opponent to save himself; his position was extremely delicate, as most of the superior forces of Black were far from the scene of action, and it was not possible to bring them to the assistance of the fated king.

His defence throughout the terrible attack was admirable; at one moment I would fancy that checkmate was inevitable in a few moves; but by some masterly combination on his part, he would extricate himself from the impending danger.

At last, to my utter discomfiture, he anchored his Monarch safely on his king's side, behind his pawns; now, I remained in the same condition he had been previously; I had a similar attack to repel, though one not quite so dangerous, I imagined.

I little expected what followed. His next moves came upon me like flashes of lightning. After some strangely executed manœuvres he won both my Rooks by divergent checks with the Queen. I groaned in despair. A smile of triumph illuminated his ghastly features. He spoke:

"Does Mr. M—— consider it fit to continue the partie?"

These words stung me to the quick; the excessive bitterness with which they were uttered caused my blood to boil within me; with an effort I swallowed the insult with the best apparent grace, and was about to reply alone, by resigning the match.

At this very moment, however, a door opened in the corner of the apartment, and how was I astounded to behold Eugenie! my *loved* Eugenie, enter, accompanied by two female attendants; (that roadside incident was then a reality!) she grew pale as her wandering gaze met mine. Glamord's dark eye fell on her's.

"So you have come hither to witness your boasted Champion's defeat."

"Nay, my Lord, his victory."

"Behold then," he replied, motioning her to the Chess board. "This is the last," he added.

She came to my side, and silently examined the game; those lips approached my ear.

"George," she whispered, "for Heaven's sake lose not; my happiness depends upon it."

She scrutinized the position again. "Thank ——," she half exclaimed, "there is hope; George play correctly, and you win."

These last words caught his ear; a frown gathered on his brow; with his hand he waved her away.

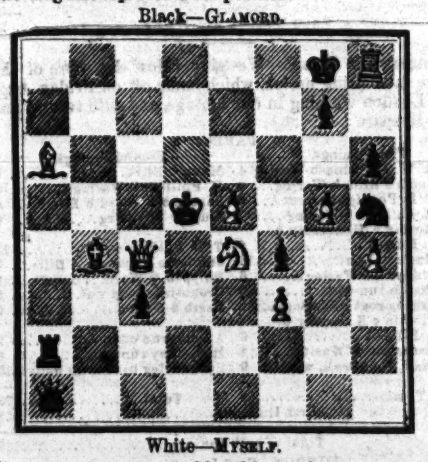
"Begone; you distract by your interference."

She obeyed, we were alone. But those words, "there is yet hope," re-echoed still in my excited mind. I strained my aching eyes to discover the hinted way of escape from the labyrinth of combination before me; for a long time my search was fruitless.

A light suddenly broke upon me, the secret was unfolded. By a series of "coups de repos," my adversary was forced to play himself into a hazardous condition, which, though not seemingly indefensible, yet might enable me to draw the game.

The diagram represents the position:

Black—GLAMORD.



White—MYSELF.

It was my play; some bold and immediate action on my part was indispensable.

At this juncture my antagonist exhibited visible signs of perturbation. His eye seemed fixed on vacancy in one portion of the apartment; now and then a wild frantic speech would rush from his lips. At last he exclaimed:

"Haunt me not, young man; I am not your murderer."

The words horrified me—my companion had been his victim! his language betrayed him. At this very second a heavy booming sound shook the floor. A ponderous bell was slowly tolling in mid air above us. The halls re-echoed five times to its resounding strokes.

"Mate! mate!" I exclaimed in mad joy, "mate in five moves."

He shook convulsively at the announcement.

"By the infernal powers of Hell," he thundered, "I shall not lose her."

He endeavored to rush from the room, but *that* power held him. He stamped thrice on the floor; the apartment became clothed in darkness: then sounds like the rushing of eagles' wings were heard, and thick black forms appeared, bearing Eugenie in their loathsome arms. I started forward to seize her. A hundred swords flashed above me. I shrieked and —— awoke.

I was in my own room, in the old arm chair. Granger was beside me.

"I've been dreaming," I muttered, as I rubbed my eyes.

"And yelling too," added he.

I laughed.

"But how about the match," I asked.

"Oh! that is postponed till to-morrow evening. But 'tis twelve o'clock; let us resign ourselves into the arms of Morpheus."

The next morning, said my friend to me:

"You remember, of course, our grim, nameless friend. Well; he is no less than the Earl, whose soiree we attended."

Here was the solution of every mystery that troubled me. It appears that the Earl was a man of geniality and benevolence when really known, but he always preserved a reserved aspect before strangers. It was one of his many eccentricities, I was told.

I must tell you, we were victors in the Chess match that followed, and that our worthy opponent, was no imaginary fiend, nor was his name Glamord.

Neither must I end here. I cannot refrain from informing those who have had the patience to conn my tale thus far, that Eugenie looks over my shoulder and laughs at the terrible dream I am recording; while a rosy cheeked youngster has been continually bothering me, during my efforts to transmit to you my humble story.

NOTES TO THE GAME.

a This move is absolutely indispensable, as White threatens to capture B with R, and win.
b The best move, perhaps.
c The only move to thwart the danger. P Q 4th would not do.
d Decisive—excluding the Queen.

SOLUTIONS TO THE POSITIONS.

No. 1.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..P Q B 4th x	P x P	5..Q K B 7th x	Q interp.
2..R Q sq x	B interp.	6..Q Q Kt 7th x	R or Q interp
3..Q K R sq x	P K 5th	7..Kt Q B 7th mate.	
4..Q K R 5th x	P K 4th (best)		

No. 2

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..B K B 2d x	K K 5th (best)	4..B K R 4th	Q x B
2..Q Q R 4th x	K K 4th or B 4th	5..Q Q 8th x	K moves
3..Q Q R 5th x	K B 3d (best)	6..Q x Q	

No. 3.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q Q B 8th x	K moves	4..B Q 3d	Anything.
2..P K Kt 6th x	K x P (best)	5..Kt disc. ch. and mate.	
3..Q K B 5th x	K x Q		

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

A great deal of interest has recently been excited by the performance of a pedestrian feat of a somewhat remarkable character. A man named Alfred Helson (or Elston,) a native of Melbourne, and well known in the neighborhood of Castle Donington, undertook to walk on six successive days the distance of 70 miles a day. He commenced his performance on Monday, July 20, and completed it with ease on Saturday, the 26th ult., doing it within the specified time. The seventy miles were usually walked in about fourteen hours, but on one of the days they were completed in twelve. A great variety of opinion was entertained as to the possibility of his succeeding in his attempt. Whilst on travel he took very little food except beef tea, or a small bit of mutton half cooked and a little stimulant occasionally. In stature he is about the middle height, thin, extremely muscular, and having a somewhat intelligent countenance. On his reaching Melbourne the streets were thronged with people to see him pass, who rewarded him with a considerable amount of money. Taking into consideration the rough country roads which he had to traverse, some of which especially near Chellaston, have recently been made—the distance which he walked and the apparent ease with which it was accomplished, his feat was certainly very extraordinary, and we should greatly question whether many horses could be found to perform the same distance in the same time. When on travel Helson had a slight swing with his arms, and appeared to be going at a steady rate of some three miles an hour, and it was only when any one attempted to keep up with him that his real pace was perceptible. His usual pace was probably from four to six miles an hour. We hear that he has now undertaken to run a friendly match of ten miles against ten of the best runners in Melbourne; he is to start and continue running the whole distance, whilst the Melbourne men are to be placed at intervals of a mile apart, the first of whom is to start and run until he comes to the second, who then takes up the running until he reaches the third, and so on to the end of the distance. He also expects to accomplish his ten miles within the hour.—[Leicestershire (Eng.) Mercury.

THE LITTLE JOKER.

IN the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble-rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the Court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the Court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee thus, began shifting them *so*, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the "little joker"—meaning thereby, may it please the Court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup *so*, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"*Suppose* I see!" interrupted the Judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised, "Why, any darned fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' *thar*."

"Perhaps your Honor would like to go a V on it," insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it, too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the Foreman of the Jury. "And I, and I," joined the jurors one after another, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his Honor.

"Up it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "darndest kind o' defraudin'." His Honor adjourned the Court, and "stood for drinks all round" in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.

YARN FOR THE BUNK ROOM.

BARNES (who is Barnes?) tells a good story of the power of the Philadelphia engines. In 1850 he was one of the "Old Dilly" boys, and as such very frequently was honored with the pipe. On one occasion Barnes was playing a stream "down the gutter," which attracted the attention of a large Newfoundland dog. The dog thought he would play with the stream, and commenced bitting at it. Just here Barnes got a good shot at him, and sent a full stream down his throat, and with such force that it passed clear through the quadruped. Here Barnes was requested to "raise the stream." He did so, and up went the dog too. He endeavored to slide down, but it was no go. Every time he gained an inch he lost a foot. At last the boys were ordered to stop playing. They obeyed orders, when down came the dog from a height of some forty feet. The moment he struck the ground, he put for home with a velocity that could not have been increased had you fastened a Dutch oven and eight pie pans to his tail.

There! Bring out your "bully injins" now, and beat that ere "masheen," if you "kin." The dog part of the story we don't believe.

TO LOVERS OF TROUT.

IT IS an art to cook trout, as well as to catch them. Those who have the heart to "hook" the resplendent creatures this season, and who wish to make them supremely palatable, should observe the following:

First wash and clean the fish, wipe it perfectly dry, put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, dredge in, as it melts, flour, and add grated nutmeg, a little mace, and a little cayenne. Stew well, and when fluid and thoroughly mixed, lay in the fish, which, having suffered to slightly brown, cover with a pint of veal gravy. Throw in a little salt, a small fagot of parsley, and a few rings of lemon-peel. Stew slowly forty minutes, then take out the fish, strain the gravy clear, and pour it over the fish. It may be strained over it. Before, however, it is poured over, a glass of bucellas may be added to the gravy.